

Be thou asham'd that I haue tooke vpon me,
Such an immodest rayment; if shame liue
In a disguise of loue?

It is the lesser blot modestly findes,
Women to change their shapes, then men their minds.

Pro. Then men their minds? is true: oh heuen, were man
But Constant, he were perfect; that one error
Fils him with faults: makes him run through all th' sins;
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins:

What is in *Silvia's* face, but I may spie
More fresh in *Julia's*, with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come: a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close:

'Twere pittie two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Beare witness (heauen) I haue my wish for euer.
Is. And I mine.

Out-l. A prize: a prize: a prize.

Val. Forbeare, forbeare I say: It is my Lord the Duke.
Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished *Valentine*.

Duke. Sir *Valentine*?

Thur. Yonder is *Silvia*: and *Silvia's* mine.

Val. *Thurio* giue backe; or else embrace thy death:

Come not within the measure of my wrath:

Doe not name *Silvia* thine: if once againe,

Verona shall not hold thee: heere she stands,

Take but possession of her, with a Touch:

I dare thee, but to breath vpon my Loue.

Thur. Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I:

I hold him but a foole that will endanger

His Body, for a Gidle that loues him not:

I claime her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou

To make such meanes for her, as thou hast done,

And leaue her on such slight conditions.

Now, by the honor of my Ancestry,
I doe applaud thy spirit, *Valentine*,
And thinke thee worthy of an Empreffe loue:

Know then, I heere forget all former griefes,
Cancell all grudge, repeale thee home againe,

Plead a new state in thy vn-riual'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe: Sir *Valentine*,

Thou art a Gentleman, and well deriu'd,
Take thou thy *Silvia*, for thou hast deseru'd her.

Val. I thank your Grace, & gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you (for your daughters sake)

To grant one Boone that I shall aske of you.
Duke. I grant it (for thine owne) what ere it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I haue kept withall,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:

Forgiue them what they haue committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their Exile:

They are reformed, ciuill, full of good,
And fit for great employment (worthy Lord.)

Duke. Thou hast preuail'd, I pardon them and thee:
Dispose of them, as thou knowst their defects.

Come, let vs goe, we will include all iarres,
With Triumphes, Mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And as we walke along, I dare be bold
With our discourse, to make your Grace to smile.

What thinke you of this Page (my Lord?)

Duke. I thinke the Boy hath grace in him, he blushes.

Val. I warrant you (my Lord) more grace, then Boy.

Duke. What meane you by that saying?

Val. Please you, Ile tell you, as we passe along,

That you will wonder what hath fortun'd:

Come *Protheus*, 'tis your pennance, but to heare

The story of your Loues discovered,

That done, our day of marriage shall be yours,

One Feast, one house, one mutuall happinesse. *Exeunt.*

The names of all the Actors.

Duke: Father to *Silvia*.

Valentine: } the two Gentlemen.

Protheus: } the two Gentlemen.

Antonio: father to *Protheus*.

Thurio: a foolish riuall to *Valentine*.

Eglamour: Agent for *Silvia* in her escape.

Host: where *Julia* lodges.

Out-lawes with *Valentine*.

Speed: a clownish seruant to *Valentine*.

Launce: the like to *Protheus*.

Pantihon: seruant to *Antonio*.

Julia: beloued of *Protheus*.

Silvia: beloued of *Valentine*.

Lucetta: waighting woman to *Julia*.

FINIS.

THE

THE Merry Wines of Windsor.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter *Iustice* *Shallow*, *Slender*, *Sir* *Hugh* *Euans*, *Master* *Page*, *Falstaffe*, *Bardolph*, *Nym*, *Pistol*, *Anne* *Page*,
Mistresse *Ford*, *Mistresse* *Page*, *Simple*.

Shallow.

Sir *Hugh*, perswade me not: I will make a Star-
Chamber matter of it, if hee were twenty *Sir*
John *Falstaffe*; he shall not abuse *Robert* *Shallow*
Esquire. (Coram.)

Slender. In the County of *Glocester*, *Iustice* of Peace and
Shal. I (Cofen *Slender*) and *Cust-alorum*.

Slender. I, and *Rato lorum* too; and a Gentleman borne
(*Master* *Parson*) who writes himselfe *Armigero*, in any

Bill, *Warrant*, *Quitance*, or *Obligation*, *Armigero*.

Shal. I that I doe, and haue done any time these three
hundred yeeres.

Slender. All his successors (gone before him) hath don't:
and all his Ancestors (that come after him) may; they

may giue the dozen white *Luces* in their Coate.
Shal. It is an olde Coate.

Euans. The dozen white *Lowfes* doe become an old
Coat well: it agrees well passant: It is a familiar beast to

man, and signifies Loue.
Shal. The *Luse* is the fresh-fish, the salt-fish, is an old
Coate.

Slender. I may quarter (Coz).

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Euans. It is marring indeed, if hee quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Euans. Yes per-lady: if he ha's a quarter of your coat,
there is but three Skirts for your selfe, in my simple con-
iectures; but that is all one: if *Sir* *John* *Falstaffe* haue

committed disparagements vnto you, I am of the Church
and will be glad to do my beneuolence, to make attone-
ments and compromises betweene you.

Shal. The Councell shall heare it, it is a Riot.

Euans. It is not meet the Councell heare a Riot: there
is no feare of Got in a Riot: The Councell (looke you)

shall desire to heare the feare of Got, and not to heare a
Riot: take your viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha; o my life, if I were yong againe, the sword
should end it.

Euans. It is better that friends is the sword, and end
it: and there is also another deuice in my praine, which

peradventure prings goot discretions with it. There is
Anne *Page*, which is daughter to *Master* *Thomas* *Page*,

which is pretty virginity.

Slender. *Mistresse* *Anne* *Page*? she has browne haire, and
speakes small like a woman.

Euans. It is that ferry person for all the orld, as iust as
you will desire, and seuen hundred pounds of Moneyes,
and Gold, and Siluer, is her Grand-fire vpon his death-
bed, (Got deliuer to a ioyfull resurrection) giue, when
she is able to ouertake seenteene yeeres old. It were a
goot motion, if we leaue our pribbles and prabbles, and
desire a marriage betweene *Master* *Abraham*, and *Mistris*
Anne *Page*.

Slender. Did her Grand-fire leaue her seauen hundred
pound?

Euans. I, and her father is make her a petter penny.

Slender. I know the young Gentlewoman, she has good
gifts.

Euans. Seuen hundred pounds, and possibilities, is
goot gifts.

Shal. Wel, let vs see honest *Mr* *Page*: is *Falstaffe* there?

Euans. Shall I tell you a lye? I doe despise a lye, as I
doe despise one that is false, or as I despise one that is not
true: the Knight *Sir* *John* is there, and I beseech you be
ruled by your well-willers: I will peat the doore for *Mr*.

Page. What hoa? Got-plese your house heere.

Mr. Page. Who's there?

Euans. Here is got's plesing and your friend, and *Iu-*
stice *Shallow*, and heere yong *Master* *Slender*: that perad-
uentures shall tell you another tale, if matters grow to
your likings.

Mr. Page. I am glad to see your Worships well: I
thanke you for my Venison *Master* *Shallow*.

Shal. *Master* *Page*, I am glad to see you: much good
doe it your good heart: I wish'd your Venison better, it
was ill kill'd: how doth good *Mistresse* *Page*? and I thank
you alwaies with my heart, la: with my heart.

Mr. Page. Sir, I thanke you.

Shal. Sir, I thanke you: by yea, and no I doe.

Mr. Pa. I am glad to see you, good *Master* *Slender*.

Slender. How do's your fallow *Greyhound*, Sir, I heard
say he was out-run on *Cotfall*.

Mr. Pa. It could not be iudg'd, Sir.

Slender. You'll not confesse: you'll not confesse.

Shal. That he will not, 'tis your fault, 'tis your fault:
'tis a good dogge.

Mr. Pa. A Cur, Sir.

Shal. Sir: hee's a good dog, and a faire dog, can there
be more said? he is good, and faire. Is *Sir* *John* *Falstaffe*
heere?

Mr. Pa. Sir, hee is within: and I would I could doe a
good office be tweene you.

Euans. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speake.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me (*Master* *Page*.)

Mr. Pa. Sir, he doth in some fort confesse it.

D 2 *Shal.*